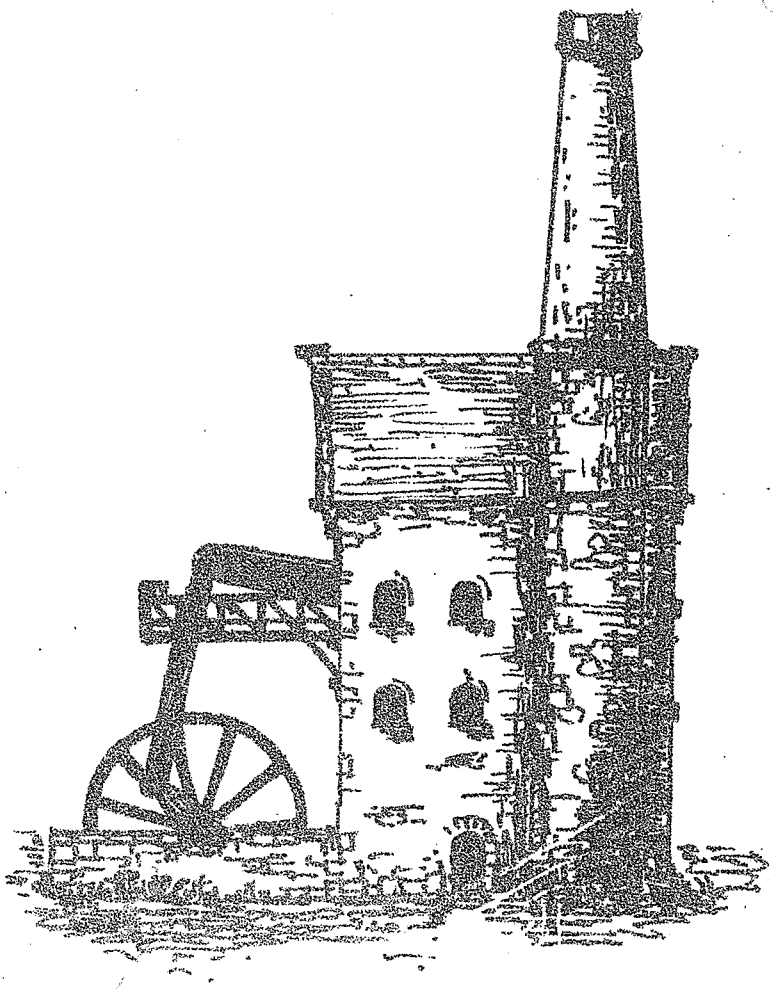
K. Cave
Records
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PLYMOUTH CAVING GROUP



NEWSLETTER & JOURNAL

PLYMOUTH CAVING GROUP

Newsletter and Journal

Febuary 1971 No. Thirty-six

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Editorial

As those of you who were at the A.G.M. will know, this is my first newsletter as editor. You may well ask how someone as new to the club as myself comes to be editor - the truth seems to be that I like editing newsletters and no-one else does!

However, I want to say at the start that I can only do the job properly if I receive a lot of help from you, the other members of the club. I can't produce newsletters if I'm not given stuff to publish, so, please, give me all the help you can by supplying me with lots of articles and pieces. In each newsletter I intend to set the copydate for the next edition and I hope to receive a quantity of material by that date - this does not mean to say, however, that I will not be badgering you all, every time I see you, for more material! The copydate for the next newsletter is 18th. March.

I believe that a newsletter is very important to a club for several reasons, but the quality and quantity, and thus the benefit, depend on the material. Therefore, please get writing some really good, interesting articles. Anything that has any relevance to caving or mining can be included: news, technical articles, trip reports, poems, funny anecdotes, etc. You will notice that, in this edition we have started a series giving the words of traditional caving songs: in this way, club members will not feel so left-out when they get in the back room of the Hunters! If anyone else knows the words of any songs, caving songs, mark you, please may I have them?

Now for the reasons why a newsletter is important; the first, and most obvious, is communication. In this I do not only include communication within the club, although this is obviously the prior reason for a newsletter. In a club such as P.C.G. which has several members away from home for a good part of the year, it is important that all members know what is going on all the time.

However, a newsletter also takes care of communication with other clubs. Although this fact is often ignored, it is useful to know what other clubs are doing and to publicise our own activities. Clubs gauge other clubs' image from their newsletter - although 'image' is often regarded as a dirty word, it does seem to be important in the caving world.

Yet another reason for a newsletter is that circulation shows interested outside parties what we are doing. In a Youth Committee sponsored club such as ours, this is important.

A final point is that newsletters serve as records. Forgotten caves have been traced through articles in old journals and tricky routes mastered by reading accounts of previous trips. Technical articles serve to help beginners.

Therefore, please try to help to produce a truly worthwhile newsletter to match the tradition of the club.

Meets List

Sunday, Febuary 14th. Chudleigh

Leader - Steve Poole
Bus Travellers catch the 10.20. No. 129 bus to Chudleigh.
Approximate cost - 14/- return.

This is anarea little visited by the club. The caves are of varying types; wet and dry, long and short. There is still exploration to be done in the area.

.....

Thursday, Febuary 18th. Extraordinary Geheral Meeting

This is being held to discuss the new Constitution.
Virginia House at 8.00p.m.

.....

Friday, March 5th. to Sunday, March 7th. Agen Allwedd

Leaders - Fish and Alan Wicks
Two trips are being arranged in this large, Welsh cave; the Cliffs of Dover and Southern Stream. The former is an approx. 7 hour, easier trip, whilst the latter is a 16 hour, arduous, wet-suited trip. Full details of transport, etc. will be announced later - watch the notice board.

.....

Sunday, March 21st. Rednoor Mine

Leader - Bob Cawthorne
Bus travellers catch the 11.20. No. 76 bus. Approximate cost - 8/6 return.
There is new exploration to be done here, and this mining trip aims to explore five new shafts and a new adit.

.....

Friday, April 9th. to Monday, April 12th. (Easter Weekend) Derbyshire

Leader - Fish
Details of transport and caves to be covered will depend on the demand, but it is likely that trips will be arranged down Giants, P.8, and Oxlow. Standards will vary to accomodate all members. Cost for transport, food and hut-fees should not exceed £4 at the most. Watch notice board for details.

.....

Sunday, April 12th. (Easter Sunday) Gunnislake

Leader - Kevin Tole
This mining trip will cover mines such as Old Gunnislake, Ding Dong and Bedford United. Approximate bus fare - 9/- return.
Watch notice board for details.

.....

Saturday, 24th. April to Sunday, 25th. April Buckfastleigh
Leader - Steve Poole Details later.

Tasmanian Mining

Mining in Tasmania has been more or less active for the last 95 years. Deposits of copper at Mt. Lyell, silver-lead at Zeehan and Mt. Farrel, lead-zinc at Roseberry and Mt. Read and iron ore at Savage River were all discovered before the year 1900. Since that time, no major deposits have been discovered.

Tasmanian minerals and metals produced in 1967 were worth £52.5 million, of which £20 million represented the value of minerals produced in Tasmanian mines. The balance, £32.5 million, was the value of metal produced by Tasmanian smelters from imported ores from Australia.

TIN

The main Tasmanian tin activities are centred around Mt. Cleveland. There are between 2.5 and 3 million tons of proved sulphide ore. The ore contains 1% tin and 0.5% copper. Production started in 1968 with an output of about 200,000 tons of ore annually. This yielded approximately 1,300 tons of refined tin per year. Prospecting has also been carried out at Mt. Bischoff, a former Tasmanian tin producing region in the north-west of the island. It is probable that, with the advent of new processes for the recovery of tin, a number of mines in the area will be opened up again and the remaining low grade ore in the mines reworked for it's tin content.

COPPER

Only six major copper localities remain in Australia. Mt. Lyell in Tasmania is one of them. Mt. Lyell started in 1886 as a gold producer but gradually assumed greater importance as a copper mine as time progressed. Since the beginning of the work on the copper region in 1893, the company has mined 57,105,000 tons of ore for the recovery of 593,000 tons of copper and 16,962,000 oz. of silver and 607,000 oz. of gold. A portion of iron pyrites is also recovered for the production of sulphuric acid.

LEAD AND ZINC

The Electrolytic Zinc Company of Australia operates mines at Tullah, Williamsford and Roseberry. The total output from these three mines is about 300,000 tons of ore per year. The milling operations are centred at Roseberry and the lead and zinc concentrates are all exported. The 'EZ' company also produce at the three mines cobalt and cadmium oxides.

IRON ORE

A project commenced in 1965 at Savage River for the mining of iron ore. 375 men were to be employed, and were to be housed with their families in a new township. As well as the building of this new town, the project also involved the building of a harbour, a pelletising and ore upgrading plant, the clearing of a large timbered area for the actual site and operation of the mine, roads interconnecting the township, the harbour and the mine site, a school, a hydro-electric power line and police, bush nursing and other facilities. The mine site covers an area of 2,530 acres (the iron ore field, the plant requirements and a pipeline strip 150ft. wide and 56 miles long to the port). The scheme is being financed by the Tasmanian government, and American, Australian and Japanese sources.

The entire project will eventually cost in excess of £3I million.

Exploration is still being carried out over a large area of the island. There is, by no means, a complete survey of the mines and minerals of Tasmania. There are many other mines and many other minerals being mined, some of which are phosphate rock and aluminium. The notes for this summary were written in I967: there is probably a lot more happening on the island today than what has been mentionned here.

K. Tole

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Devon Cave News

Bakers

Bakers Pit Cave has been broken into, rather more seriously than before. The new entrance in Bullycleaves Quarry is right at the end of the lower stream series, and the blast damage in the vicinity is considerable, and will soon become dangerous. A report has been sent to the P.C.S.A. and it is hoped that this will stop further damage. There are rumours of another large chamber, and a stream -- perhaps a little more work will ascertain the truth of this.

Fairies Hall Cave

This cave has been visited, and with it, some four other minor caves. Fairies Hall Cave is a short cave, which has been mined for a vein of haematite, but has not been driven more than forty feet, - it was a very small vein. The other caves are small, and, as yet, their names have not been discovered.

Dart River Cave

This cave, which is also known as Black Rock, has been inspected in wet weather conditions. Two streams were noted, emerging from the cave. It is not sure whether or not these are flood streams. The descriptions of the cave are rather vague and a little more exploration should help to determine the exact nature of the cave.

Pridhamsleigh Cavern

Paul Plimmer has been busy digging in Pridhamsleigh, and has so far found about 200 feet of cave extensions, including a new way in, and a passage leading towards Dog Hole. Pridhamsleigh is supposed to be THE CAVE for further discovery, so we wait and see.

Reed's Cave

Bob C. has been helping with water tracing studies in Reed's Cave. Results so far prove that we do not really know what the various streams do, once they sink. As we have now noted I8 streams in the Bakers-Reed's system, things are getting a little confused.

Pixies' Hole

A recent club trip to Chudleigh examined in detail Pixies' Hole. This is an interesting cave, some 800ft. in length, and well worth a visit.

Anybody with some interesting Devon Cave News, please let me have it.

Rescue Practice at Afton Red Rift

One Sunday in January the Devon Cave Rescue Organization dived in at the deep end and decided to hold a rescue practice at Afton Red Rift. Representatives from most of the D.C.R.O. teams met at the cave entrance and cursed the person who suggested the practice - his name escapes me for the moment!

After much discussion, everyone changed and started to descend the rift. That's when the trouble started ..... a few of the members had never experienced a rift before and the steel studs didn't help matters. Fortunately some of the D.S.S. members managed to scramble to the bottom of the rift before the others arrived and Gerry Pritchard was strapped in the drag sheet as the patient.

Meanwhile a dozen bods were forming a long queue at the end of the rift waiting for the novices to work their way along the top of the rift towards Mud Hall. After considerable delay a few of us managed to reach the rescue party and commenced hauling the body out along the bottom of the rift towards the entrance. It wasn't easy - in fact it couldn't be done without bending the stretcher to various painful angles. A stemple and pulley bloke were rigged to help the hauling but it didn't help much. Much more hauling gear would be necessary before the job could be done properly without damaging the tackle.

To cut a long story short, Gerry ended up by getting out of the drag sheet and climbing the rest of the way. After three hours of thrutching through the rift getting nowhere fast, everybody gave up and made their way towards the entrance.

It was agreed that, if a person fractured a limb in the rift, he would have to make his own way out aided by the rescue team. If there was a serious accident requiring a stretcher or drag sheet, then they've got problems!

Generally speaking the rescue practice was a bit chaotic. This was mainly due to the inexperienced hindering the work by their efforts to climb the rift and also to the lack of sufficent hauling tackle. It certainly wasn't for the lack of know-how.

Dave Curry
(Cave Rescue Warden)

Swimming

Weekly swimming sessions are now being held in Central Park baths every Tuesday evening at 7p.m. The idea is to improve fitness, reduce flab and generally fester8 Please come along.

Trips

As members will have noticed, fortnightly club trips are arranged. Members are encouraged to arrange their own trips on the alternate weekends and, if wanted, advertise details on the notice board.

Dartington Caves: an Example of Victorian Bureaucratic Apathy

It has been reported that Shinners Bridge Cave has been relocated, after having been filled by persons unknown some time ago. The entrance is completely choked.

Many inhabitants of Dartington remember having played in numerous caves in the area as children. None of these can now be found. As this limestone belt lies adjacent to the River Dart, extensive cavern developement would have been possible, indeed probable, after lengthy exposure to vaste quantities of aggressive water. Whilst similar rumours of lost caves occur frequently, there is good reason to accept these as fact. For further tales testify that when the local school and housing estates were developed, a number of depressions were leveled, and holes uncovered during bull-dozing, were promptly plugged.

This drastic action is predictable when one considers the past record of contractors generally.

The filling of all neighbouring quarry entrances, as at Shinners Bridge, can easily be explained. The unease to residents would be considerable and an outcry would probably occur, should someone systematically explore and push a cave under their property. Local caves would, therefore, be choked as effectively as possible and even disguised, to avoid such a situation.

Considering these various points, it is a great injustice that the public should be deprived of the scientific and amenity value of caves with such potential, as the result of the ignorance of planners.

There is no evidence to suggest that levelling or plugging potholes improves foundation strength permanently. Neither does the existence of underlying chambers necessarily render the site unsafe.

The time is long overdue when contractors should learn something about limestone and the affect of caves. Systems should be properly surveyed and, if necessary, shored, before building or even the drawing-up of plans commences. Local caving clubs and cave studies associations would, undoubtedly, be willing to assist in this task, although there would be no guarantee of permanent access, even though periodic checking of open joints and stalactite columns would be advisable.

Morally there is a clear duty here to try to open and preserve an irreplaceable amenity of scientific value in the interests of speleology. Also it should be made quite clear that the present situation does absolutely nothing to ensure the safety of residents and their property against sudden subsidence.

What is required is for club members to stir things up by underlining the safety aspect and thereby worrying people living in all potentially cavernous areas. A letter to the press should be considered by the committee, as the attitude

of landowners is generally apathetic and, in this particular instance, hostile. Devon needs more big systems, wherever they may lie.

S. Poole

Traditional Caving Songs - No.I.

'Priddy Green'

I. Twas while I was a-walking Mendip's green and pleasant face,
I came upon a village green, I seldon saw the place.
Twas here I met a digging crew a-singing this strange refrain,
'Oh, you'll rue the day you came this way, to dig on Priddy Green.'
Varoomh, Varoomh.

2. The dig was started in '59 by a man named Hanwell Janes,
Who had a reputation, boys, for playing nasty games.
We dug it four times over, boys, and nothing could be seen,
'Oh, you'll rue the day you came this way to dig on Priddy Green'
Varoomh, Varoomh.

3. At last a rift was entered, boys, fed into by a drain,
Connected by a sewer pipe to some cows of Farmer Maine.
The smell, it was fantastical, some say it was obscene,
'Oh . . you'll rue the day you came this way to dig on Priddy Green'
Varoomh, Varoomh.

4. The entrance was a fearsome sight, a circular concrete pot,
It's easy if you're 10ft. tall, for the likes of me, it's not.
There's a nail-hole half way up, me boys, if only it could be seen,
'Oh you'll rue the day you came this way, to dig on Priddy Green'
Varoomh, Varoomh.

5. There's a rumour going round, me boys, you've doubtless heard before
Some say this dig on Priddy Green will connect with Swildons IV.
There's only 450ft., me boys, and it's limestone in between,
'Oh you'll rue the day you came this way to dig on Priddy Green.'
Varoomh, Varoomh.

6. We've used a ton of gelignite and we've lost a man or two,
We'll doubtless lose another, lads, before this dig is through.
We've added 150ft. or more to the subterranean scene,
'Oh you'll rue the day you came this way to dig on Priddy Green.'
Varoomh, Varoomh.

Meet Report.

15. November. 1970.

Radford Cave.
Hooe.

Those Present :

Bob Cawthorne, leader, Paul Hatherley, Phil Tozer, Rod Jones, Mike (Fish) Jeanmaire, Brian Baker, Rod Shaw, Deirdre McTierney, Sue Morgan, Ian Youlden, Paul Cowling, Derek Hicks, Pete Morgan, 'Gus' Honey, Ken Longley, Keith Harris, Alan Diddimus, and Brian Williams.

Stone the crows, an official club trip, sorry, meet to Radford of all places. Most of us met on the viaduct, and caught the 11.10.a.m. No.7 bus. Yes, ON A BUS, No 7 Omnibus, large green thing, not a landrover, a bus. Then the fool thing went and got lost, and started wandering all over Plymstock looking for the way to Hooe.

It eventually arrived at the halt for Radford Dip, and disgorged a clumping, laden horde. At the barn permission was sought, and given to change in the barn, which we did. After eating, and changing we were all ready but for Peter, whose socks had hidden in the way. Phil, Fish, Deirdre, and Sue then arrived telling us to go on ahead.

Off we strolled to the entrance, to find several bags of rubbish in the entrance, dropped by stupid rate-payers, who could not pile rubbish and burn it.

We wentin via the boulder slope to the Red Corridor, where none of the novices with us had the decency to look even remotely impressed by the formations. I'll show them I thought, and took them through the squeeze into oxbow chamber, and on through the oxbow squeezes. Halfway through the oxbow was a solitary, lesser horseshoe bat, which we left dozing quietly, but not snoring.

What do bats do in winter ? They squeak if you forget to oil them. Apologies to the DSS., Chelsea SS, John Hooper, etc. That joke is currently appearing on a variety tour, prior to retirement. Incidentally the bat was unringed.

Back in the Oxbow chamber, I could only con Peter into going around again. I was able to dally further, by the simple expedient of sending people to investigate known dead-end passages. I then led the way out through into the squeeze chamber, and down the rope through Ron's Window back into Red Corridor. No-one felt brave enough to attempt Wherry's squeeze.

Here Paul led the way into Victory chamber, dropping neatly upside down on to the floor. I followed very gingerly and did not drop. Paul then dicovered it possible to see through into Red Corridor, and also from the straw chamber above through to the belfry. At this point the others arrived, but by the time I had emerged into Red Corridor they had gone. Paul C.,and I went after them, catching them at the entrance, and finding Rod also with us. The two girls and Phil went off to change, and Rod and Fish went down to inspect the well.

Paul and I went to meet the others, via the slide and stile. We met in Red Corridor, and halved the party for the way out. I took the four smallest out the easy way, and lost. still, you cannot win them all. I sent Ian, Peter, Paul, Gus, and Derek to inspect Haw cave. I do not think they were impressed.

On returning to the barn we found Mr Phillips, and learnt that the kind gentleman who had given us permission to use the barn was a complete stranger, and Mr. P. was rightly, hopping mad. It is ironic that I manage to upset land owner relations on a Radford trip. (sorry,meet)

It was altogether a pleasant day's thrash. The novices behaved on the whole quite well, and I hope we see more of them in the future.

A definite success for the new P.C.G. 'greener than green' bus meets.

Squeak, quack,

Bob Cawthorne.

Meet Report South Wales

A weekend in South Wales

The first weekend of October, we introduced Phil Tozer and Alan Henshaw to caving in South Wales.

We arrived at Penwyllt cottages late on Saturday afternoon, having spent the Friday night en route at Cardiff with Mike and Prue Hill, who were to make up the rest of the party.

We met Colin Grahan, a member of S.W.C.C. and veteran adventurer of various escapades, who kindly provided leadership throughout the weekend.

On the Saturday Colin decided that a trip to Ogof-Ffynon-Ddu I was as good an introduction as any. One reaches the streamway via an old tributary. The party then marched up to the terminal shake, a passage up to 60ft. or more high, by an average of 10ft. wide. The stream flows swiftly knee deep most of the way, and by the time one has reached the boulder choke, one has been impressed in such a way that the caver becomes obsessed with the triumphal majesty of master-streamways; his caving career will be devoted to pursuing their courses or attempting to discover new ones.

Colin then showed us Dip and Hush Sumps via the Boulder Choke; the gateway of discovery of O.F.D.II.

From the Boulder Choke, we went to Tiger Aven via the Waterfall Series. Then back to the streamway, up the chain, into Rawl Series, round (and round, and round) Roundabout Chamber, and left the cave via the Escape Route: a series of traverses on wires, far above the Streamway. The final traverse, which is optional, is known as 'Airy Fairy' to those who like high wire acts; for the rest it is still known as 'Airy Fairy', but produces degrees of feeling varying from slight insecurity to sheer terror.

We left the cave after a 5 hour trip. The best part of the trip is back at the S.W.C.C.H.Q. (apologies to H.M.) where, in one room, you show the party the survey of O.F.D.I. After they have been suitably impressed by the amount of the survey covered, you take them next door where the survey of O.F.D.I and II is stretched out the length of one long wall. Without even entering the room, you can point out what they have just done; an insignificant bit of scrawl up against the door jamb, whilst O.F.D.II. sprawls in mocking grandeur across the wall, beyond the range of vision.

After an eveing traditionally spent at the Gwynn, it was decided that a trip into Dan-Yr-Ogof II would be in order. The next day we pulled on cold, clammy, wet-suits whilst Colin appeared from time to time, bursting with impatience to get under way. Colin has always shown this tremendous, inexhaustible capacity to go caving, leaving those who choose to follow, rather dazed and breathless.

We shot through the show-cave at a run, and then waded the lakes in quick succession. Shortly after the lakes Pam

nife cell gave up the ghost, so, reluctantly, she and Mike had to abandon the trip. The old part of the cave beyond the lakes passed quickly, giving no impression, until our swift passage was brought short by the Long Crawl. The Long Crawl had always been open, complete with howling gale, but remained almost untouched because the size of the cave and its passages ruled out the crawl being the obvious way on. It is 200ft. long but there are passages in other caves which are much fiercer, even longer and more sustained.

The end of the crawl energes into a small pot above Gerard Platten Hall: a typical Welsh square sectionned passage which takes one's breath away, until one gets used to huge Welsh passages, which one never does. Our first port of call was Flabbergasm Chasm, a perfectly regular rift, with ledges at 6ft. intervals. The Canyon, which we were to follow, could be seen from our vantage point, 50ft. up, winding away into the distance. Colin pointed out various mud and pool formations, and the incredible straws, some up to 20ft. long.

At Monk Hall Colin did us the honour of 'lighting up the Red Monk'. The large stal to which he applied his nife cell beamed back at him jovially.

We reached the Green Canal, in which we all swam until cold forced us out. This was the end of the cave as far as we were concerned.

We had a brief look at Hanger Passage, so called because of the parking space available for a Jumbo Jet or two. We then set off to find the Lower Series. At the side of the Grand Canyon, a series of small entrances like service hatches led to a smooth crawl via the eliptical pot, which is as smooth as a glass tube. Our object was to find our way back to Gerard Platten Hall. This we eventually accomplished, and then we retraced our steps back down the Lower Series until we came to Bakerloo Straight. The passage is almost circular in section, giving the curious impression of being in a subway beneath the highways of the main cave; a cave within a cave. You can walk in soft, white sand, three abreast, for almost a quarter of a mile, the passage never changing, knowing that, above, there is an even greater passage and that, in comparison, this is a mole run.

On reaching Fixathropic Passage, we decided to call it a day. We left at high speed, reaching the surface after only 3½ hours underground, which had proved to be a 'tour de force'.

I would like here to thank Colin for his excellent leadership throughout the weekend and hope that he will oblige again sometime.

Fish

Meet Report

Redmoor
22nd. Nov. 1970

Members Present:

P. Tozer	R. Shaw	I. Youlden
K. Harris	D. McTierney	S. Morgan
A. Didymus	B. Williams	R. Cawthorne (Leader)

We met at the club room at IIo'clock, to find Paul Hatherley, Rod Jones and Steve Poole and Brian Baker preparing for the attack on Langford Quarry, But our venue was the bus station, so we went off with the tackle, to meet the others.

The bus was the 76, green, wheel at each corner. A corner of the upper deck was quickly transformed into a nonad encampment as we loaded ourselves aboard.

We arrived at Callington with Phil growing faint for lack of nourishment, and piled into the nearest pub for a pasty. Eventually, however, we were ready and set off up the Kelly Bray road towards the turn-off for Wheal Florence. Somehow we missed the road and kept on going to Redmoor mine dumps.

We then ate, found the adit entrance, and changed. The adit is interesting and has a reasonable stream flowing out of it. Phil begged for the lead and off we marched up the adit, splashing happily. After a while we passed some timbers, and short side levels.

The main level was met, at about one thousand feet, and it was explored in detail. There is an oreshute with a trickle of water coming out of it, above, and beyond this, we found the sport of the day. A level is known to lead on, and be wet, and sure enough, it was. It gets deeper, and deeper, and is nice and orange.

At a junction it is shoulder-deep, and there is one foot of air space. To the right it became shallower, ending in a blank wall. There were some nice formations in this section. We cowarded at the other passage, which was obviously getting deeper. This is interesting, as passages drain towards the entrance, so this level obviously leads to another, as yet undiscivered, adit entrance, presumably in the little valley of Holmbush, on the far side of Kelly Bray village.

We then went out as it was very cold. The others did not seem to mind, so we changed, deciding to leave Florence to another day. A walk up on the dumps showed more inadequacies of 'All That Remains'. There were, open, three shafts. Also in the dumps, adjacent to the engine houses, a fourth shaft.

Richard Lightbrown tells us of another adit and shaft in the Holmbush area, so perhaps we are still in business in this area. Five shafts, and an adit to visit, and it is an easy bus meet.

We then left the area, and caught the bus to Plymouth. An interesting day's sport was ended, with a cup of tea in the Lyons Tea Shoppe.

Bob Cawthorne

Meet Report Pridhamsleigh Cavern

At the lake, my wife, Bob Cawthorne and other, wiser members of the P.G.G. left me to my fate at the hands of Rod Jones, Steve Poole and Paul Hatherley. I don't know who or what decided that we should look at Mystery Pool and Sump Pool Passage (cf. C.D.G. Diving Review, I968, pp. I7).

The passage begins 6ft. up an awkward climb on the left wall of the lake. We were led by the mad, Devonian free-diver (Steve) who was dressed like a kamakazi pilot about to fly a suicide mission. In fact it was not a flying suit at all, but a dry-suit with semi-spherical appendages built onto the hood, which gave the whole a rather bizarre effect. The suit was originally built for a tall person: our leader had overcome this by lashing the middle of his suit with an ample helping of 'Noddy's bootlace', which, apparently, saved the middle of the contraption from falling about his ankles!

After squirming and thrutching along a series of tubes, we came to the Mystery Pool, a duck some I5 inches high, and seemingly straightforward. The duck possessed the ill-manners of seizing the caver's shoulderblades as he tried to lift a nostril into the small chamber on the other side. Another short crawl lead to a chamber with a pool at one end. The pool was, in fact, a duck leading to Mystery Sump Proper. Steve muttered something about the water being higher than usual and promptly disappeared, leaving Rod and I in the sump pool to follow. As our shouts were not answered, we presumed that the kamakazi pilot had flown his last mission or was sitting in an airspace chuckling inanely to himself. Rod's first attempt at following Steve lead him into an annexe airspace to the right of the sump-pool, which had an audible link and did not contain Steve. He rejoined me and tried again: on his second attempt he did not reappear, so, noting where he had entered, I followed. My forward motion was stopped by a blank wall and no air. Flipping over on my back, I searched for an airspace. I found the going a little tight to be comfortable. At this stage a hand seized me by the neck and I was gratefully hauled into the bell by a grinning Rod. On surveying the bell, I became acutely anxious: the bell was, in fact, bell-shaped, some ft, by ft., and there was no ventilation. Anxiety became even more acute as I noted that the air was not too good, and ? people relying on the source would not remain happy for very long. The way out was not so easy to find but Steve did not hesitate to start off. As soon as possible I found Steve's hand and followed to find that he had surfaced in Rod's original pool.

After holding Rod's hand for about 5 minutes (he thought that I was drowning and tried to pull me back, whilst I thought that he was drowning and tried to pull him through) he managed to join us. We all made our way back to the lake via a worm-caste type of detour. At the lake we decided to wash and were happened upon by an E.U.S.S. party, led by Thatch, who had found the lake but were not really quite sure how they had got there or where to go next.

Steve decided, at this point, to leave the cave as he had no boots and did not want to hole the feet of his dry suit.

Paul and Rod decided to take me on a grand tour of Prid. squeezes: much mirth was gained at the expense of my surplus! I managed the Bear Pit Traverse and the Well (which, if you have legs like O.C.L., you come off very nicely, thankyou), and we gazed briefly at Helictite Passage, before deciding to call it a day and making our way out and home.

Fish

The Fifth P.C.G. Annual Christmas Farce

Other Christmas Farces have been held at such places as the Weary Friar, Devon Great Consuls, St. Agnes and so on, but this one was not. It was held at .....
(radford.)

So, for the nth. time - members present:
Bob. (Yes alright) the leg, arm, head, ribs, neck, t....s, etc.
Phil. Tozer, chaps. Club guru
Paul. Hatherley, noty Hatherleigh, or Pridhamsleigh, pridumsly, etc.
Kevin. Our latest of a fine series from you know where (It is a public school)
Terry. One of the others from schhhh you no where, now resembling an aspiring Jimi Hendrix
Maggot. Now looking like a complete Jimi Hendrix.
Jeff. With the real, non imitation, plastic broken limp.
And last, but not least, Brian, who appears to be our latest 'ickle.

I could not bear to dwell on the organization, the Thursday before, for this event. It was sad. Visions of three courses, spent many miles away from home, soon dwindled to a very small Chinese chippy trip, very near at home.

The time set was 12o'clock and even then some of us were late. However, eventually, 1o'clock saw Terry, Phil and myself hurrying through the snow to the one and only open Chinese chippy.

"Err ... Curried wog, about hmmm.. so high, please"

"Ah so, curried wog, velly nice, u wait, (or kuwait) I bring"

Before long, we set off, clutching our pile of sweet and sour curried wog, back to the pub, and hence to the bus.

Our local made a grave nasty, refusing to let Brian stand inside out of the snow, and he is Ill.....

The bus conductor was, I think, surprised, however, we were soon there, and rushed to change, to get into the nice warm cave. Inside it was warm, and we set up the kitchen in Red Corridor, with Phil leaping about fixing up Joss Sticks, and his knotted plastic - bag - firework.

Before long, Terry had burnt himself thoroughly, and made noises to indicate we were ready. Soon it became apparent that the curried sweet and sour was incredibly filling, but there was no trouble, we had Maggot with us, and he obliged by eating everything we left,(in fact, all we had to do was stand on his feet, and the top of his head flew open, and we just shovelled the food in.) Afterwards we had the wine, and the wine, and a cigar. And then, we decided, 'enough of this tomfoolery,' packed, and set off out.

Back at the City Centre we dumped our gear, and had a natter in the clubroon. Then we slipped quietly into the snow, to return home and ponder on the unbalanced minds that will crawl about, and eat muddy, curried wog, in a cave, on the day after Boxing Day.

Perhaps next year, we will pick somewhere a little easier to get the food (and wine) into, for example, Kitley show cave or the Hoe Sea Cave, or perhaps, our kitchens at home.

Bob Cawthorne

Recent Activities

December I2th. to I7th. Mendip

Alan Henshaw, Mike and Liz, and Bob Cawthorne
Saturday saw a trip into St. Cuthberts' Swallet - the cave run by the B.E.C. The entrance rift is tight, thirty feet deep and was very wet. A few went on to the botton of the cave. Sunday saw Mike and Alan going as far as Swildons Sump IV, direct.

December 20th. Chudleigh

A group from the club visited a number of the caves here, including Pixies' Hole, Cow Hole, Chudleigh Rift, Boulton's Rift, Bruce's Rift and a couple of minor caves. An inspection of Cliffords Cave showed the badger to still be in residence.

January 7st. Venn Quarry, Brixton

Steve Poole and Fish
Fish dived in the quarry and found nothing of interest to cavers.

This will be the last warning that the I97I subscriptions were due on the first day of the year. As you probably know, members are allowed until the beginning of April to pay their subs. If they are not paid by then, membership will be deemed to have lapsed.

Meet Report — Buckfastleigh Weekend January 9th. to I0th.

Members present:

Phil Tozer	Paul Hatherley	Paul Plimmer
Louis Neale	Glen Beswetherick	Kevin Tole
Martin Cox	Richard Cox	William Gorman
Paul Cowling	Ian Youlden	Jeff Harding
Jules Plimmer	Bob Cawthorne	

I met Jeff, Paul and Glen at the bus station, for the I29 bus at I0.30 and we departed to Buckfastleigh. On arrival at Crest Hill, we found Paul Plimmer, and a party of young lads, Martin, Richard, Jules and Bill. We explained that we were going to eat, while waiting for Kevin, expected on the next bus.

To save time, they changed before the bus arrived, so, by half past two, they were ready for a trip down Bakers Pit. Paul lead this party while Phil, Jeff and I went to look at Dart River Cave (or Black Rock Cave). We found it rather wet so did not push any of the passages; to be accurate, either of the passages. After this we went into the botton entrance to Bakers Pit, via Bulleycleaves Quarry. The blast damage is noticeable, up to a considerable length of the lower stream series, and is even evident in Judges' Chamber. We then went up to Winifred's Wriggle, where we met the others.

They had been, where else, in the new extension. There was no evidence, yet, of damage there. Paul had, of course, got lost. It was getting quite late, so we went out. Phil, Jeff and I went out via Two Johns Tunnel, instead of the Dutch Oven Tunnel, and were a few minutes behind.

On arrival at the entrance we discovered that it was locked, and the key was not about. A few minutes cursing and shouting brought a voice and a torch to the entrance. "Open this gate" said I rudely, mistaking it for a P.C.G. joke. At the same time I discovered the key swinging on some string level with my ankle, and that the voice belonged to a female. On emerging we discovered that this was Sally Letts from the Pengelly Cave Studies Centre.

A request for a bottle of water from Sally was met by vacant looks, and it was not until the following day that we realized that she is doing water tracing studies in Bakers and Reeds. Hey, ho, so much for the intelligence of a supposed analytical chemist!

We returned to Crest Hill; changed; washed and ate. Then Mike and Liz arrived and we departed to the Watermans for a pleasant evening, playing darts, football, cards and talking caves. At the end of the evening we had decided to go to Agen Allwedd, a considerable enterprise for the P.C.G. We returned to the hut, coffeed, and decided it was walkies time. The traditional route, through the village, up past Pengelly, and back past the church.

Some youths of the Pengelly establishment were in the church yard, taking photographs, a strange past-time for

two in the morning. However, there cannot be much to do in Buckfastleigh late on a Saturday night'. We left them to their antics and returned to bed.

On Sunday, we awoke bright and late, and breakfasted only just in time, before two more arrived off the bus - Paul C. and Ian.

I had arranged to meet at Pengelly at I2.00 for visiting Reeds, so, to split things up, one party went to have a look at Bakers, one party went to look at Bunkers Hole and Shaky Caves, while the remainder came to Pengelly. I did a quick run into the entrance to Bakers and collected a bottle of the best Bakers Pit dripping water. Sally arrived at I2. I5 with the key, and we spent a little time preparing, opening the cave, repairing the lock to the barn, etc.

Eventually we were ready and set off into Reeds - the fourth, offical, P.C.G. trip to Reeds to my knowledge. There were a few 'oohs' and 'aahs' at Easter Chamber, but the conversation ran more on the lines of 'not as good as the extension', much to my disgust. A trip to the Little Man and back and Phil, Paul P. and Jeff left, to be replaced after about half an hour by Paul H., Paul C. and Ian. Sally then left, having finished her underground work for the day. Paul H. was photographing, ("Could not find Crystal Corridor in Bakers" he muttered soulfully.)

After about twenty or so flashes, we decided that was it. I was met by a mutinous party, all wanting to visit the cave, but I had to put them off. Never mind, they should not have to wait five or more years like some cavers have. This was the Bunkers party. I then went into Joint Mitnor with them, as a peace offering. Then it was time to go. We sent those still keen off to Dart Garage Cave and the rest of us returned to Crest Hill. They returned, reporting that Dart Garage Cave is not longer than twenty feet; the survey shows one hundred feet, so perhaps, there is recovery to be done here.

I then spent an hour or so collecting various fees - hut, meet, subs, etc. and we then cleaned the hut up and departed, after an excellent weekend's caving.

quack, squeak, Bob Cawthorne

Clubs to which we belong:-

Pengelly Cave Studies Trust
Council of Southern Caving Clubs
Devon Cave Rescue Organization
Cave Research Group

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Minutes of A.G.M. held on 7th. January I97I

at Virginia House

The meeting opened at 8.30 p.m.

Members present:

D. Curry	P. Tozer	S. Poole
B. Moran	H. Newett	P. Hatherley
B. Cawthorne	P. Evans	I. Littleton
R. Jones	K. Tole	M. Jeannaire
E. Jeannaire	A. Henshaw	G. Beswetherwick
B. Grant	L. Grant	

Apologies for absence were received from:

H. Browning	B. Jeffery	M. Rice

The minutes of the last A.G.M. were read and taken as correct.

Chairman's Report

D. Curry remarked upon a slow start in club activities at the beginning of the year. There was also some concern about apathy within the club.

A note of thanks was given to Bob Jeffery for his geological work at D.G.C., and also to Bob Cawthorne in sorting out various matters and introducing new members to the club.

The club has £I27. I2. 0 in hand, having spent very little throughout the year. The grant of £50 from Ballard had been cancelled in view of the existing cash in hand. D. Curry asked for suggestions as to what the money could be spent on.

Officers' Reports

Treasurer's Report

As the treasurer was absent, D. Curry remarked upon the books, which had not been brought up to date, but, thanks to Bob Cawthorne, these were now in order.

Shop Secretary's Report

B. Moran said that throughout the year, he had only sold a helmet, some bulbs and electrolyte. He saw no point in carrying on with the shop as demand was insufficent.

Editor's Report

The manuscript for 'All That Remains' had been posted, and D. Curry was now awaiting a reply.

The question of D.G.C. and the publication arose, and the Secretary said that she had started to collect information. Although there was still plenty to do out there, people had been getting rather tired of visiting the mine lately. B. Cawthorne suggested that, perhaps, a working party should make an effort to visit the mine at regular intervals.

Members were reminded that subscriptions were now due.

Librarian and Recorder's Report
An inventory to the end of 1970 had been taken. There were a number of gaps in the Journals and it was asked that any books or publications be returned to the Club-room as soon as possible.

The Devon Cave Registry was being brought up to date. This would consist of a card index to the caves of Devon arranged in alphabetical order.

The Mine Registry had also been started. This is now to consist of:
A list from Dines, numbering mines listed in order, area by area, and parish by parish.
The numbering system will be such that the MINING AREA is given by the first two numbers, and the MINE by the last.

Alternate names, mines within a Sett, will be recorded under the number of the Sett.

e.g. Areas 25, 26, 27. Mines of Callington and Tavistock

Areas 250, 25I. Kithill and Kelly Bray District

Mine 2500. Callington United Mine
(Rednoor, Kelly Bray, Holmbush, etc.)

then 2500a Rednoor Mine
2500b Holmbush
2500c West Holmbush
2500d Kelly Bray

Records can then show individual shafts, workings, etc.

The records of Journals will have a card index of articles in each journal which the club possesses.

It was also asked that Mine records be returned to help bring records up to date.

Tackle Secretary
Although the Tackle Secretary was absent, B. Moran reported that I50ft. fibralated tape had been lost, and a leader had been damaged.

Cave Rescue Report
There was no D.C.R.O. Report. D. Curry had contacted Fred Barlow and had suggested Afton Red Rift for a Rescue Practice. The D.C.R.O. had been informed and a Rescue Practice arranged at Afton for Sunday, I7th. Jan. I97I.

Election of Committee
The following were elected onto the committee:

Chairman D. Curry
Treasurer B. Cawthorne
Secretary P. Evans

The remaining committee members are:
E. Jeanmaire
H. Browning
P. Tozer
P. Hatherley

Any Other Business
D. Curry suggested that the club purchase a second-hand duplicator.
The idea of hiring a vehicle for weekend or day trips arose. It was suggested that the matter be looked into.

B. Cawthorne thought that the Constitution should be amended and the matter was to be brought up at the next committee meeting.

D. Curry mentionned the need to reduce the number of signatures needed to withdraw money from the Halifax Building Society, as it was often impossible to obtain all four signatures. It was hoped that the number be reduced to two out of three for withdrawal purposes. He also said that the Pengelly and N.C.M.R. subs would be duly paid.

There being no other business, the meeting closed at 9.45 p.m.

P. Evans
(Secretary)

Club Officals for the Year 1971 to 1972

Chairman	D. Curry	8, Cambridge Rd., Ford.
Secretary	Miss P. Evans	1, Erme Gdns., Efford.
Treasurer	R. Cawthorne	22, Devonport Rd., Stoke
Tackle Warden	H. Browning	7, York Rd., Paignton.
Membership Secretary	P. Hatherley	2, Furneaux Rd., Milehouse.
Club Room Warden	P. Tozer	1, Parr St., Coxside.
Editor	Mrs. E.A. Jeanmaire	6, Havelock Ter., Stoke.
Librarian & Recorder	K. Tole	
Cave Rescue Warden	D. Curry	
Assistant Cave Rescue Warden	P. Tozer	
Shop Secretary	R. Cawthorne	